





# THE BLIND BOY.

A Ballad.

MUSIC COMPOSED AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

Jos. W. Robbins Esq.

BY

J. W. TURNER.

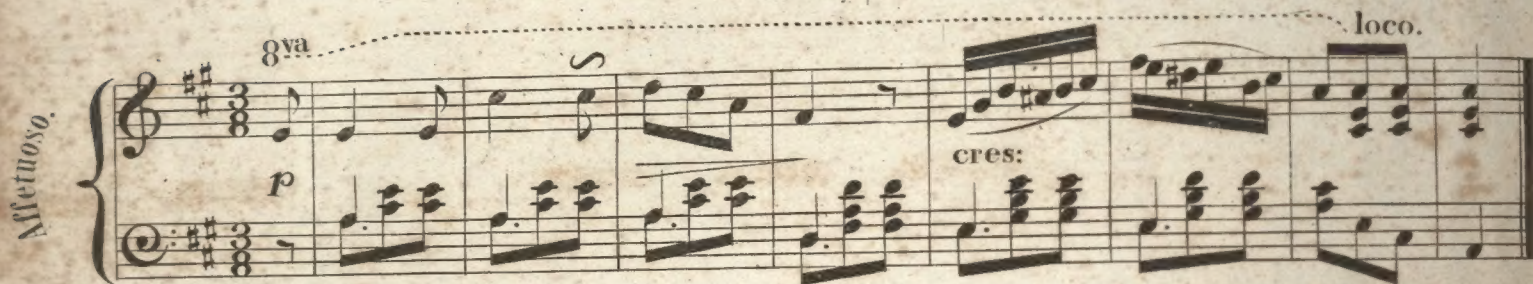
ST. LOUIS: Published by BALMER & WEBER.

*8va* *loco.*

*8va*

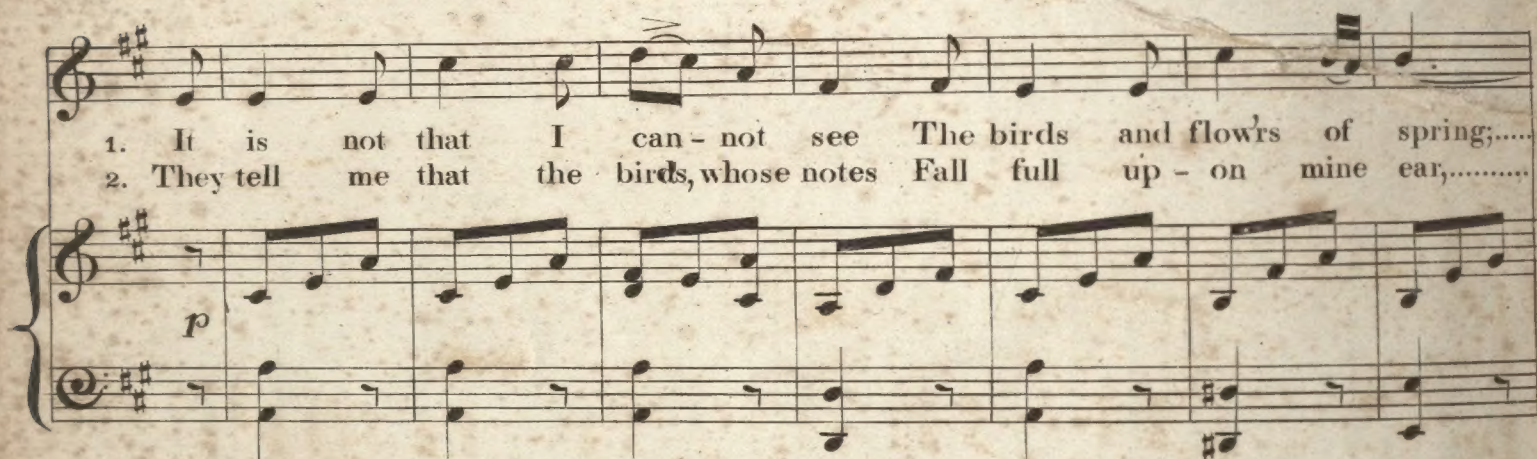
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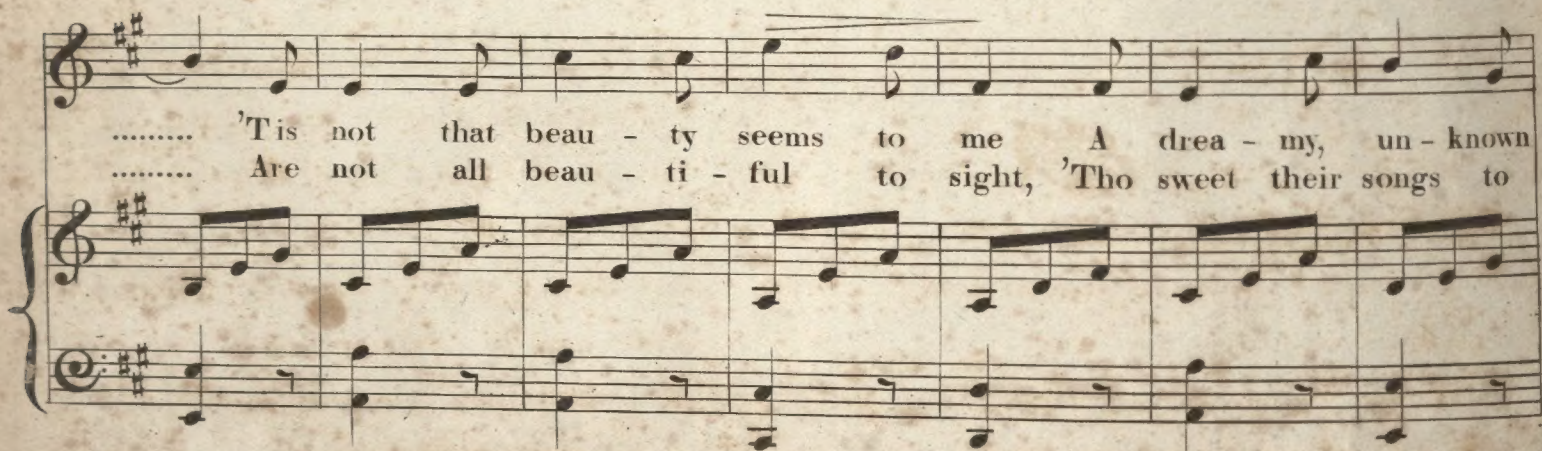


1. It is not that I can - not see The birds and flow'rs of spring;.....  
2. They tell me that the birds, whose notes Fall full up - on mine ear,.....

*p*



..... 'Tis not that beau - ty seems to me A drea - my, un - known  
..... Are not all beau - ti - ful to sight, 'Tho sweet their songs to



Ent'd according to act of Congress, A.D. 1847, by C.H. Keith in the clerk's office of the dis't court of Mass.



thing; It is not that I can - not mark The blue and star - set  
hear. They tell me that the gay - est flow'rs Which sun - shine ev - - er

sky;..... Nor o - cean's foam, nor moun - tain's peak, That e'er I weep and  
brings,..... Are not the one's I know so well, But strange and scent - less

rall:

sigh.  
things.

a Tempo.

3

My little brother leads me forth  
To where the violets grow;  
His gentle, light, yet careful step,  
And tiny hand I know.  
My mother's voice is soft and sweet,  
Like music on my ear;  
The very atmosphere seems love,  
When these to me are near.

4

My father twines his arms around,  
And draws me to his breast;  
To kiss the poor, blind, helpless boy  
He says he loves the best.  
'Tis then I ponder unknown things,  
It may be, weep or sigh,  
And think how glorious it must be  
To meet affection's eye.



